

---

# Pro Rege

---

---

Volume 40  
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue* 2011

Article 5

---

December 2011

## Richard III

Mary Dengler  
*Dordt College*, [mary.dengler@dordt.edu](mailto:mary.dengler@dordt.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Dengler, Mary (2011) "Richard III," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 40: No. 2, 8.

Available at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege/vol40/iss2/5](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol40/iss2/5)

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact [ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu](mailto:ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu).

# Richard III

---

*Mary Dengler*

Climbing three steep flights  
Of stairs that July night  
To watch King Richard III  
Did not prepare me for the evil  
Man himself. The stars receded  
As the moon rose slowly through the silent trees  
In Cedar City Utah's Adams' Theater  
Just as both have shined above  
The stage whenever Richard III has walked  
Outrageously toward Lady Anne  
To start his shameless wooing, so  
Compelling I could see. This actor  
With his massive frame and long  
Black curly locks did not  
Comport with grad school  
Notes of hunched-back spider Richard III.  
This King was winsomely compelling—  
Maybe Shakespeare had it wrong—  
So much so, my partner Helen  
Leaned too far and almost fell with Lady Anne,  
Widow to the murdered king.  
“I love that man,” she said.  
“King Richard or the actor  
In that black attire?” I asked.  
To her, they were the same.  
The power of evil to compel us,  
Though we're staring at the face of death,  
Is old—and new. We fell,  
Unlike wise Margaret of Anjou,  
Who cursed him to his face.  
The rhetoric we long to hear  
Makes “easy entrance” to our willing hearts.  
When Richard lost his kingdom for a horse,  
The spell, like summer's glorious sun, was gone,  
But so was Lady Anne.